



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. V. [1. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, JULY 5, 1828.

No. 3.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

The Cousins.

A TALE.
(Concluded.)

Lady Emily, in London, as in Bath, was the admiration of all beholders; offers of marriage poured in, but she politely refused them all; Matilda too had her admirers, but was deaf alike to all. One gentleman, Lord Beaufort, who was a frequent visitant at Lord St. Clair's, and a very elegant young man, appeared to admire the two cousins equally; but from the melancholy of Matilda, attached himself the most to her, as he also appeared to have a secret sadness preying upon his spirits; he frequently gazed upon the little Mary, who was always with the ladies when they received their morning visitors, as they delighted to exhibit their little protegee, who was the most lovely little creature in the world; the ladies observed him frequently fix his eyes upon her until he seemed to forget that there was any one present, and heave such sighs, as affected them very sincerely. One day, after a scene like this, he appeared to recollect himself, and apologised to the ladies for his strange conduct, saying that he felt that some explanation was due to them for their bearing with him, and if they would have the goodness to attend to a short story, he would tell them the source of his unhappiness, though he should lose probably their good opinion, by disclosing circumstances he could not now endure to think of. He said the countenance of little Mary reminded him so strongly of one, whom he had basely injured, but whom he still continued to love, that he felt it would be a relief to unbosom himself. He then related circumstances so similar to those communicated by Anna, that the ladies were soon convinced that he was no other than the father of Mary; but they heard him to an end. He had called the morning after the interview

described by Anna, and upon finding that she had actually left the house, no one knew whither, was almost distracted at the thought that the innocent being, who had confided in him, and who had till now believed herself his wife, was wandering without a home, and almost penniless; for she had left every thing of value with which he had presented her; his child too—the thought was more than he could endure, he sent messengers in different directions and went himself in pursuit, resolving if she could be found, to make her openly his wife, though his father should discard him forever; but he could hear no tidings of those he sought, and after a fruitless search for several weeks, at length abandoned the expectation of finding her whom he now found so necessary to his happiness; his guilty conscience reminded him with how much patient sweetness she had (although believing herself his wife) remained secluded from the world; and he condemned himself as the basest of villains: his agitation soon brought on a fever, from which it was some weeks ere he recovered; he had since that time been the most unhappy man alive.

After finishing his narrative, the ladies in a cautious manner informed him of their meeting with Anna, and all the particulars relating to her; and when he found that Mary was indeed his child, (although he deeply deplored the untimely death of Anna) he felt gratitude to Heaven, that he had something remaining to exist for; and determined, to shield the child of his lost Anna, as far as possible from every evil; the child, from having seen him frequently, was quite familiar with him, and when he clasped her in his arms, and told her that he was her father, the little creature returned his caresses with the affection of a child; Lord Beaufort immediately removed her to his own house, but frequently brought her to see her former friends, who had parted from her with great reluctance. He soon after solicited the hand of Matilda, telling her at the same time that he knew his own unworthiness, but

that he believed her formed to make him happy, and was extremely anxious that his little Mary should have her for a mother, who had shown her the affection of one; Matilda however respectfully declined.

Col. Percy who followed our party from Bath, had become a frequent visitor at Lord Sinclair's, he had admired the Lady Emily, the first moment he beheld her, and, although aware that he was endangering his peace forever, could not deny himself the dangerous pleasure of seeing and conversing with her; she on her part, thought him the most agreeable man she had ever seen, and singled him out from the many beaux, who constantly surrounded her whenever she appeared in public, with particular marks of favour; delighted at such preference, poor Percy was soon gone ages in love. Emily, the child of nature, continued to treat him with such particular favour, that at length emboldened, he made a declaration of his love; telling her, at the same time, that he knew its utter hopelessness. Emily, awakened, as from a pleasing dream, was shocked and alarmed; she found by this declaration, that she had been disposing of her own heart, when she had no right to do so, and she feared, that she had also ruined the peace and happiness of a young man, for whom she would cheerfully have sacrificed her own: recalled to herself, by the declaration that Percy had made, she candidly confessed to him the state of her affections, and deplored the error into which she had led him and herself; but at the same time told him, that this must be their last meeting, as whatever it might cost her, she was resolved not to disoblige her father. Percy, anxious to get some small hope to rest upon, enquired very particularly into the engagement, but Emily could tell him nothing more than he had already been informed by Mordaunt, except that her father had two days ago received a letter from Sir William Montgomery. (the gentleman for whom she was designed) acquainting him, that he should be in England in about two months from the date of his letter, which time was nearly expired. Percy thought, and so he told Emily, that a father so affectionate as her's, would never put a constraint upon the affections of his only child, to which Emily replied, that her father had ever held his word sacred, and that, however much he might feel on the occasion, if acquainted with the true state of her feelings, she was sure that he would hold himself in honour bound to the performance of his promise; she knew also, that this union had long been a darling scheme of her father's, and would in any case be relinquished with extreme reluctance.

In this situation of affairs, Emily would gladly have confided her vexation and troubles to the affectionate Matilda, who had hitherto been the depository of her every thought; but the reserve of her cousin respecting her own

private sorrows, occasioned the same reserve on the part of Emily; and Matilda from going but little in public, and not observing them very closely when she did see them together, had not the least suspicion that her still gay, and animated cousin was not entirely heart-whole; the truth was, that Emily drooped in secret, but, from the circumstance of her never having been crossed in any of her wishes, she still, though unknown to herself, indulged a hope, which preponderated above her fears; Percy still hovered around her, and she had not the resolution to refuse him the indulgence.

Word was at length brought to Lord Sinclair, of the arrival of Sir William Montgomery; the moment his name was announced, Matilda rose to leave the room, but had taken but three steps, ere she fainted—Emily flew to her assistance, although much agitated herself, as she knew that the crisis of her fate was approaching. Sir William, upon entering the room, instead of addressing Lord Sinclair, as he was about to do, hastily approached the ladies, and in the fainting Matilda, beheld the lovely girl to whom he had long been attached. Sir William was indeed the person of whom Matilda had formerly spoken to her cousin, but why she had left her in ignorance of his real name, and why Matilda had appeared ignorant of his engagement to Emily, remained to be explained.

When Matilda's lover parted with her, he bore the name of Montrose; but soon after his father's death, he, at the request of an uncle upon his mother's side, who left him an estate upon that condition, took the name of Montgomery; at the time that Matilda spoke of him to her cousin, she was ignorant of the circumstance, and called him by his family name. When Sir William parted with Matilda, he was ignorant of his father's views respecting him; but when apprised of them he resolved to submit the state of his affections to Lord Sinclair, and rely upon his generosity, to release him from engagements entered into without his knowledge; but thinking the subject could best be discussed personally, had deferred any communications upon the subject, until he should see his Lordship. The letter which he had written to Matilda, stating these particulars, was the one that had thrown her into such a melancholy state: he had then vowed eternal love and fidelity to her, but she modestly thought, when he beheld her lovely cousin, he could not but regret, the promises made to her; Emily she believed, formed to make him happy, and of his power to charm and attach the heart of her cousin, she could not for one moment doubt: Thus thinking, she had written to him, requesting him to comply with what had been his father's wishes, and think of her no more. Of the sacrifice she had made, she intended Emily should remain in ignorance; hence arose the reserve of which her cousin complained; but Matilda had overtaxed her fortitude, and her life had

nearly proved a sacrifice, for although, as we have seen, she slowly recovered her health, she was a prey to a depression of spirits, the cause of which is now explained. The circumstance of her fainting, and Sir William's undisguised anxiety, occasioned an immediate explanation, and Lord Sinclair expressed himself perfectly satisfied, that the match, which he had so long contemplated, and wished, should be broken off, since it was in favor of his niece, who was scarcely less dear to him, than his own child.

Matilda could scarcely believe her senses, when told that her generous uncle had so soon relinquished his wishes in her favour; and her happiness, which she thought could hardly admit of an increase, was heightened to a still greater degree, when she retired to her room, after a long conversation with her lover, to receive from the agitated Lady Emily, a disclosure of her attachment to Percy, and the pleasing hopes which she was now indulging, in consequence of the only obstacle being removed, by the intended union of Sir William and Matilda; she had already sent Percy a line acquainting him with the circumstances that had taken place, and as early the next morning as etiquette would permit, the delighted Percy requested an interview with Lord Sinclair; his lordship received him with much cordiality, and when he solicited the honour of his daughter's hand Lord Sinclair frankly acknowledged that nothing could afford him more pleasure, his, Percy's character being such, that he thought he could feel perfectly easy to confide to his keeping the happiness of his only child. Percy endeavored to thank his lordship for his good opinion, but the transition from doubt, and almost despair, to happiness so full, was too much for him, and he could only press his lordship's hand, and bow his thanks; but his countenance spoke volumes; and when he joined the company in the drawing room, Emily was at no loss to guess the result of their interview. He soon joined her, when he informed her with the most rapturous expressions, that her father had been all compliance with his wishes, and that he had consented that their nuptials should be celebrated in one little month, provided she made no objection; but to such hasty arrangements, the now happy lady declared she should most certainly enter her protest, and he ought to think her very good if she did not make it twelve; he complained bitterly of such cruelty, which her father happening to hear, he told Percy that this was *her* day, and if she insisted, he must submit with a good grace; he however smilingly added, (when he observed Percy's disappointment) "that faint heart never won fair lady," and in a whisper advised him not to despair, for in all probability his daughter would be brought to relent, as Matilda had consented to be united at the time mentioned, and he thought the ladies would like to bear

each other company, when starting for such a voyage: he left them to their *tete-a-tete*.

Percy was happy to inform his Lordship the next time they met that his entreaties had prevailed, and Emily had consented to become his, at the same time that Matilda gave her hand to Sir William. The marriages were to be solemnized at Rowland Castle, where they now proposed returning, and in high spirits, at length arrived, accompanied by Lord Mordaunt and his new married Lady, his sister, Lady Lucy, Lord Beaufort with his little Mary, and a numerous company of friends who had been invited to be present upon the occasion. They spent the few days, that intervened, after their arrival at the castle, before the wedding, in parties of pleasure, riding and walking: the excellent Mr. Wilmot was sent for to perform the ceremony of uniting the two beings to whom he was most fondly attached, and who on their part loved him with an almost filial affection.

The morning of their marriage Lord Sinclair presented to Matilda as a wedding portion, fifteen thousand pounds, which he told her should have been her mother's, and was of course her right; he likewise presented her ten thousand, as a testimony of his affection, and told her, that at his death, she would find he had considered her in the light of a child. At ten o'clock the brides were arrayed, their dresses were exactly alike and extremely simple, being made of white satin; their hair was put up very tastefully, with a bunch of white roses; thus simply attired, our two brides elect, appeared more beautiful than if covered with jewels: when ready, their happy lovers led them to the altar, followed by their admiring friends, where the nuptial benediction was pronounced by their beloved Mr. Wilmot, and the new married couples received the congratulations of the company.

After spending several very happy days together, the bridal party separated; and Sir William and Matilda took an affectionate leave of their kind friends, promising to see them often, which promise they did not forget; and Sir William finally purchased a seat at a short distance from Rowland Castle where they took up their residence, and these two families seldom suffered a week to pass without a visit; thus happily situated, we will take our leave of them, wishing a continuance of their happiness.

FROM THE CRYSTAL.

The Soldier's Son.

BY MRS. DUMONT, OF VEVAY, INDIANA.

"Shall I take your baggage, sir," said an intelligent looking boy to a traveller, who had just landed at one of our eastern cities.

"My servant takes charge of it," replied the gentleman, but, struck with the peculiar interest of his countenance, as the boy retired, he flung him a piece of money. The boy looked at it with hesitation, and his pale cheek red-

dened to crimson. Picking it up at length, he approached the traveller with an air of embarrassment.

"Excuse me, sir; I sought employment not alms."

"True, my little Don," said the gentleman, laughing, "but you will not return so very a trifle on my hands?"

The boy stood a moment in silence. His young spirit evidently recoiled from the idea of appropriating the humiliating gift, and he remained twirling it in his fingers. There was an expression of mingled haughtiness and gratitude in his wrought features, and his slender form assumed all the irregular attitudes of indecision. At this moment a beggar approached them, and his countenance brightened.

"Permit me," he said, gracefully bowing to the traveller, "permit me to transfer your bounty," and presenting the unlucky coin to the humble mendicant, he instantly disappeared.

This little incident made a strong impression on the mind of the stranger, and two days afterwards he distinguished the elastic figure of the boy among a group of labourers. Pleased at again seeing him, he immediately approached him.

"May I ask your name, my young acquaintance?" he inquired in a tone of kindness.

"Alvah Hamilton," replied the boy, and he still continued to ply the instrument of labour with bateless diligence.

Our traveller, whose name was Courtney, looked at him with increased interest. The extreme beauty of his countenance, its marked expression of high and noble feeling, strongly contrasted with the coarseness of his dress, and rudeness of his employment.

"Have you parents?" inquired Mr. Courtney.

"I have yet a father."

"And what is his vocation?"

"He is a worn-out soldier, of the revolution, sir;" and the boy applied himself to his task with an intensity that seemed intended to prevent further interrogation.

The tenacious Courtney, however, was not to be shaken off.

"Do you live with your father?" he continued.

"Certainly, sir."

"And where?"

The boy pointed in silence to a decayed and miserable looking dwelling.

Mr. Courtney sighed.

A keen November blast, which at that moment whistled around him, told the inadequacy of such a shelter.

"A soldier!" he mentally exclaimed, "and perhaps his blood has been shed to secure the rights of those who revel in luxury!"

A few hours afterwards he knocked at the door of the shattered habitation. If an interest in the father had been already awakened by the son, it was at once confirmed by the appearance of the old man, now before him. He had raised his head slowly from the staff on which

he was leaning at the entrance of the stranger, and discovered a countenance where the lines of sorrow and suffering were distinctly traced. Still there was something in his high though furrowed brow that told his affinity with the proud Alvah; and the ravages of infirmity had not yet altogether robbed his wasted form of the dignity of the soldier.

"Will you pardon the intrusion of a stranger?" said Mr. Courtney—"I have been led hither merely to chat an hour with a revolutionary veteran."

"He who comes to cheer the solitude of darkness must be welcome," said the old man; and Mr. Courtney now perceived that he was utterly blind!

The events of the revolution afforded an easy clue to conversation, and they chatted without effort.

"I would," said Mr. Courtney, "that every one who assisted in our glorious struggle might individually share the prosperity it has confirmed to our nation. I fear, however, there are many whose blood even has cemented the proud fabric of our independence, that are themselves, left in want and obscurity."

"True," said the old man, "the decayed soldier whose strength was wasted in the conflict has but little for himself to hope; but I trust his posterity will reap the harvest he has sown."

"You have a son," said Mr. Courtney, "worthy of such a harvest. Is the youth called Alvah your all?"

"All that survives of a large family. He alone, the child of my old age, has been spared to save me from public dependence."

"Have you been long deprived of sight?" asked Mr. Courtney.

"Only two years."

"And during that period have you had no resource but the labour of your son?"

"None; but the wants of a soldier are few, and the filial piety of my boy renders him cheerful under every privation that affects only himself. He labours incessantly, and I have no regret but that of seeing him thus fettered to servitude."

"I would," said Mr. Courtney, with enthusiasm, "I would that I could place him in a sphere more suited to his worth. With the advantage of education he would become an ornament to society; but this, under your peculiar circumstances, he cannot have had even in an ordinary degree."

"But for his taste for learning," said the soldier, "he must have been utterly destitute. There were hours, however, when he could not labour, and as these have been invariably devoted to study, he has gradually acquired its common principles."

The entrance of Alvah himself interrupted the conversation. He had brought some little delicacies for his father, the avails of his day's labour.

"I have just been thinking," said Mr. Courtney, "of making some arrangements, with the approbation of your father, for your future establishment. I grieve to see a boy of promise thus losing the spring-time of life."

"You forget, sir," said Alvah, respectfully bowing, "that I can embrace no proposal that would separate me from my father, however advantageous."

"Certainly not in his present situation; but I have friends here, who will readily assist me in making a suitable provision for his support, and you may then be put to business that will secure you a future competence."

"Impossible, sir! My father can have no claims like those on his son. 'Tis a short season only since my weakness required his support, and shall I now transfer the duties of filial gratitude to the hand of charity?"

Mr. Courtney knew not what to reply.

"Do not think me ungrateful for your proffered kindness," continued the boy, while his dark eye swam in tears, and every trace of pride suddenly gave place to the liveliest expression of gratitude; "I feel most deeply your benevolent solicitude for my interest, but indeed, sir, I am perfectly happy in my present condition. My father, too, is satisfied with the slender provision my labour affords, and should it hereafter become insufficient, I will not scruple to ask the aid of benevolence."

Mr. Courtney was affected. The soldier had again leant his head over his staff, and was probably invoking blessings on the head of his son! A storm had commenced, and the sleet was even then dripping through the broken roof. Mr. Courtney rose to depart.

"Must I then go," he exclaimed, "without rendering you any service? Will you not even accept," and he put his hand in his pocket—but Alvah drew back with an expression that answered the unfinished sentence. The old man gave him his hand with a smile of benignity.

"Accept my thanks, sir, and suffer me to crave the name of him who has thus sought the dwelling of poverty."

The stranger gave his name and address, and receiving a promise that they would seek him in future need, reluctantly left them.

(Concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter Scott was born on the 15th of August, 1771, and is the eldest son of Walter Scott, Esq. writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. His mother was the daughter of David Rutherford, Esq. who was a very able and popular practitioner of the same profession. His mother was author of several poems possessing some merit, and was intimate with Burns, Blacklock, and Allan Ramsay. Her poetry,

if it did not gain a wreath for herself, certainly had a considerable share in procuring one for her son, by eliciting and cherishing the germ of poetry which existed in his bosom. This lady died in 1780, equally esteemed and respected for her talents, her accomplishments, and her virtues. There are some verses extant—certainly none of the very best that ever were penned—written by a Walter Scott, Esq. an ancestor of the subject of this memoir, eulogizing the ancestry of the family. It is no wonder, then, that with these examples before him, young Walter should have discovered an early propensity to poetry, and to which his having been born lame, and consequently incapacitated for the general amusements of youth probably conducted in no small degree. Dr. Adam, of the high school of Edinburgh, was his first tutor; and the celebrated Professor Steward, at the university of that city, completed his education.

After Mr. Scott had served a clerkship to a writer of the Signet, he was, on the 11th of July, 1792, regularly called to the bar; and through the interest of the Buccleugh family, to whom he was related, after being appointed deputy sheriff of Selkirkshire, obtained the situation of one of the principal clerks of the sessions in Scotland in March, 1806. In 1768 he married Miss Carpenter, and has now a family of four children.

The late Mr. Pitt intended to confer on Mr. Scott the valuable appointment of clerk of the sessions; but his death, by dissolving the then administration before the warrant had passed the seals, annulled all that had been done, as well as all that had been intended. But, fortunately for Mr. Scott, the new administration consisted of such men as the late Mr. Fox, Sheridan, and the present Lord Erskine, Earl Grey, and the Marquis of Lansdown, and many others attached to literature and philosophy; and in a manner that did them infinite honour, they voluntarily presented their poetical opponent with the place which had been intended for him.

The genius of Mr. Scott, like that of many of his celebrated and eminent contemporaries, was not precocious. He did not, in his boyhood, discover any peculiar trait of natural ability; and probably, had it not been for his mother's attachment to poetry, which drove him to literature and the muses, it is more than probable that the advocacy of legal causes at the Scottish bar would have been the summit of Mr. Scott's ambition.

The first productions of Mr. Scott were "The Chace," and "William and Mary," ballads from the German, but published without his name. "Goetz of Berlenchingen," a tragedy of considerable power, appeared in 1799, translated from the German of Goethe, by W. Scott, Esq. and at nearly the same period he contributed the two romantic and interesting ballads, called "The Roe of St.

John," and "Glenfinless," to Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*. This work had the honour of being indebted for some of its sweetest pieces to the talents of the late Dr. Leyden.

"The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" appeared in 1820, and was the first proof Mr. Scott gave of his having acquired sufficient confidence to present a work of considerable consequence to the notice of the world. He was not disappointed; it was read with universal interest, and received with unanimous approbation. The publication of many of the pieces thus redeemed from the oblivious stream of Lethe, displayed a greater love for antiquity than the beauties of poetry, as several are rough and inharmonious; yet all possess a peculiar charm, arising from their associations, and from their accurate elucidation of a most interesting portion of Scottish Border history.

The studies of Mr. Scott at this period were entirely antiquarian. He lived and breathed only among the knights, the heroes, the monks and robbers of the olden time; the feats of chivalry, and the rough heroism of northern warfare and border feuds, were the scenes on which his soul delighted to dwell. He drank deeply of the stream of history as it darkly flowed over the middle ages, and his spirit seemed for a time to be imbued with the mysteries, the superstitions, and the romantic valour which characterized the then chieftains of the *north country*.

"Sir Tristram" appeared in 1804, as one of the first remembrances of the ancient minstrels by our author, resulting from the prosecution of those studies.

In 1805 appeared "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," one of Mr. Scott's most splendid, rich, and original poems; and certainly one of the first and most successful attempts made by modern bards to revive the old English character and style of poetry, and decorate it with the refined beauties of the present state of our language. The manners, the pursuits, the vices and the virtues of the ancient chivalry of Scotland, are admirably delineated; the characters and the description of the scenery are richly and vividly presented to the view.

"Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field," which was first published in 1808, was the next favoured production of Mr. Scott—a work of intense interest, blending most successfully the old ballad style with the beauties of modern poetry.

"The Lady of the Lake," which first appeared in 1810, is esteemed the best, as well as the most popular, of our favourite author's works. Its characters are the most productive sources of delight to all readers of works of imagination. Knights, nuns, and nobles; monarchs, monks, maniacs, and minstrels; hardy and desperate rebels, warlike and courageous soldiers, with ladies, charming in beauty, and chieftains shining in chivalry. Its

descriptions are also of the most fascinating nature.

"The Vision of Don Roderick" appeared in 1811, and was intended by its author to commemorate the achievements of the Duke of Wellington and the British army in Spain. This work is considered a complete failure.

"Rokeby" was published in 1812. It comprises, in an eminent degree, all the beauties and all the defects of Mr. Scott's muse.

In 1814, "The Lord of the Isles" appeared, but failed to excite equal interest with its predecessors. This is the last grand original poem of the Northern Bard.

In addition to the works already mentioned, Sir Walter is the author of the "*Scotch Novels*;" "*Waterloo*," "*Border antiquities of England and Scotland*;" and has edited the *Works of John Dryden*, Lord Somers's *Collection of Tracts*, Sir Ralph Sadder's *State papers*, poetical *Works of Anne Seward*, the *Works of Jonathan Swift*, and the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. It is said that Sir Walter has been a long time employed in a history of Scotland: which is a work "devoutly to be wished;" and which, from the very great sources of information he exclusively possesses, we feel satisfied will be a valuable work.

Sir Walter Scott is the first person who received the honour of knighthood from his present majesty, on his ascending the throne—it was highly honourable to both parties.

Sir Walter inherited from his father and mother a very considerable property. The different offices he holds are very lucrative; and the various sums which are known to have been given for his works, are beyond all precedent. A very large portion of his property he has expended on his estates in Roxburghshire, where he resides. He is one of the principal landed proprietors in that part of the country, and enjoys the blessings of a rural life, for which his disposition is evidently inclined. He rises early, and though he is lame, he frequently, both in walking and riding, tires out his stoutest guests: in fact, as a pedestrian or equestrian, there are few equal to him. Near his mansion are many scenes dear alike to the antiquary, the patriot, and the poet: these he is particularly delighted in contemplating. In general society he is rather reserved in his manners.

In political opinion, although he has vigorously supported the present administration, and is undoubtedly a very loyal subject and magistrate, he is known to be warmly attached to the Stuarts.

As a man, Sir Walter Scott is known to be prudent without being avaricious, and generous, without being prodigal. Many circumstances of his life are recorded in the hearts of his friends, exemplifying the noblest and purest benevolence; and he is always particularly solicitous that the honey-dew of his charity should fall in silence on its object,

and not be ostentatiously blazoned by the trump of fame. Posterity only will know its full extent, and that his generous actions deserve as noble a monument as his literary compositions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

Death of Columbus.—With all the fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the grand discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resource of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the affliction of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages, which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!—*Irving.*

A Challenge.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman, who ventured to give him some wholesome advice—strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said, sir, you are no gentleman! here is my card—consider yourself challenged! Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction. To which the other replied—Sir, you are a fool! here is my card—consider your nose pulled! and should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find I have left orders with my servant, to show you into the street for your impudence.

George the III. once said to Sir J. Irwin a famous bon vivant, "they tell me Sir John you love a glass of wine." "Those Sire, who have so reported me to your Majesty," answered he "do me great injustice, they should have said a bottle."

Lady Hamilton, when at Palermo, asked Lord Nelson's coxswain, who carried her baggage to the Ambassador's Hotel, and presented him with a moidore, "what he would wish to

drink?" "Why please your honour," said the coxswain, "I am not thirsty." "But," said her Ladyship, "Nelson's steersman must drink with me, so what will you take—a dram—a glass of grog—or a glass of punch?" "Why," said Jack, "as I am to have the honour of drinking with your Ladyship's honour, so I'll take the dram, and will be drinking the glass of grog, while your Ladyship is mixing the tumbler of punch for me."

"Praise your honor," said an Irishman to the post-master in this city, "an have you any no litters for me?" "What name!" asked the post-master, "By J—s," says Pat, "can't you see the name on the litter—honest Dennis O'Shaugherty,—and is there niver a one for my brither?" "And what is your brother's name?" "The very same sure as my own your honor!"—*Bachelor's Journal.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1828.

NEW AGENTS.

New-York—Athens, Thomas Netterville; Virgil, Orrin Reynolds; Brockport, P. Rogers; Albion, William H. Dorrance; Greene, Robert B. Monell; Oxford, Henry Mygatt; Jamestown, Richard F. Fenton; Marlborough, Miles J. Fletcher; Schenectady, Elisha T. Bolles; Catskill, Charles S. Willard; Cape Vincent, J. Wilson.

Massachusetts.—Windsor, Julius S. Bartlet; Salem, Samuel B. Buttrick; Cumberland, R. Carrique; Harwich, Horatio Underwood.

Vermont.—St. Albans, Levi Rawson.

Connecticut.—Bridgeport, David Whiting.

New Hampshire.—Lebanon, John Burnham.

Those of our subscribers, whose second numbers were not received in season, are informed they were not forwarded in consequence of part of our plates, (which were struck in Albany) partaking of the general propensity for travelling, taking a trip or two to New-York, in one of the steam-boats, before they came to hand—we hope they will not have occasion to complain of delay in future.

A second edition of the Biography of the signers of the Declaration of Independence is to be published immediately by Messrs. Peters and Brown, New-York.

A new Post-Office has been established in the village of Waterford, town of Mendon, Worcester, co. Mass. James Wilson, P. M.

MARRIED,

At Chatham, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Burgher, Mr. Enos Ferrin, of Albany, to Miss Julia B. Moore, daughter of Reuben Moore, of the former place.

At Sandy-Hill, on Friday evening the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Rogers, Mr. Edward Wilbur, of Athens, to Miss Mary, daughter of the Hon. Henry C. Martindale.

DIED,

In this city, on the 25th ult. Mrs. Abby Maxwell, consort of Mr. George Maxwell, aged 31.

On Sunday last, Mr. James Maze, aged about 45

In New-London, the 12th of May, Mr. Hezekiah Bolles, aged about 67.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
SONG.

The moon o'er yon mountains
Is shining afar,
The lily-wreath'd fountains
Reflect the lone star,
Which moves on in gladness
Its course through the sky—
Then drive away sadness,—
For why should we sigh?
The zephyr is blowing
So calm o'er the hill;
The waters are flowing
So bright in the rill;
The night-bird is weaving
Its sweet lullaby—
Then cease thy dull grieving—
O! why should we sigh?
The flow'rets are springing
So mild in the glade;
The lovers are singing
Their songs in the shade;
Each pleasure is sweeping
On angel wings by—
Then cease all thy weeping—
O! why should we sigh.

HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

TO ——— OF HUDSON.

If distant shores my feet would press,
Whatever winds propel,
O'er ocean's foamy wilderness,
Where rude winged tempests dwell,
The barque in which my hopes are cast,
From which my native shore
Recedes within the watery waste,
To be beheld no more;
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee—
For memory still will rove
Back to the scenes that still must be
My paradise of love.
If in the spicy groves of Ind.
I breathe the balmy breeze,
Some well-known scenes far, far behind,
That gave my boyhood ease,
Will come in mystic dreamings by,
And carry me back again
On fancy's tremulous wings—and nigh
Thy image will remain;
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee—
While memory keeps her throne,
On desert waste or joyous sea,
Through smiling scenes or lone.
But when o'er burning sands afar
My weary footsteps stray,
Where strange alike is earth and star,
And devious is my way,
Oh wilt thou think of me or prayer
Breathe for my safe return;
If not, oh! still believe e'en there
On thee will memory turn;
For still on thee my thoughts shall be,
Fixed and firm forever—
Oh, then at least remember me!
Forget thee, I shall never.

P.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. CHILDHOOD.

The scenes of my youth have passed away,
Like transient flowers that at noon decay;
And oblivion's curtain will soon be drawn,
O'er the joyous hour of life's gay morn.

O! where are the days, when my heart beat high
With hope, and with hope's bright phantasy!
When my bosom was free from corroding care,
And mirth and gladness were inmates there;

When a father's fondness, a mother's smile
The passing moments could well beguile,
When experience sad had not yet taught
That life with sorrow and grief was fraught.

When the Phantom, Pleasure, my hopes deceived,
And told me of joys, that I ne'er received;
When nor trouble, nor toil, nor care had I,
And months and years flew swiftly by.

Alas! they have gone, no more to return,
And from them a useful lesson I'll learn;
I'll learn to improve the time that is given,
And prepare myself for the bliss of Heaven.

O! with them my parents have gone to the tomb,
And over their grave, the fresh violets bloom;
In silence they sleep 'neath the weeping willow
The cold earth their bed, and the sod their pillow.

A. C.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Snuffers.

PUZZLE II.—Because he must have *Ten-ants*

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first the preservative is styl'd of all arts,
And to man the most brilliant possession imparts;
The learn'd Lawyer, the Doctor, the Statesman and
Priest,
Will assure my aid is essential, at least;—
With the D—! my parent was thought to have deal'd
Ere my birth, when my wonders to man were reveal'd
The Clothier, the Farmer, and the Dairy-maid too,
Have, in life, with my second much business to do.
My whole is a champion in Liberty's cause,
And by me are promulgated customs and laws.

II.

A lady, whose husband unexpectedly returned from
a long and dangerous sea voyage, sent invitation im-
mediately to all her kith and kin in the village to as-
semble and sup with her on this most joyful occasion;
an uncle and cousin came, and her sister; her husband's
father and brother-in-law, his step-mother and his sister-
in-law, &c. &c. But to save breath in summing them
up, I shall only say that when they sat down to supper
there were present, a grandfather, the grandfather's bro-
ther-in-law, nephew and neice; a grandmother, grand-
child, mother-in-law, mother, step-son, son, two fathers,
two married ladies, one single lady, and two married
gentleman;—yet there were but five persons in all.
Quere, how were they related?

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One
Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM
B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office
and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and
Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may
be left, or transmitted through the post office.

All Orders and Communications must be post paid
to receive attention.